1. Sir your Queene muſt ouer board, the ſea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs, ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued.
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight:
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lyes ſir.
Peri. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight,
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcly Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt orewelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: ô *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chiſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. Wee are neere *Tharſus*.
Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceaſe.
Peri. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter